

The Mirror

OF

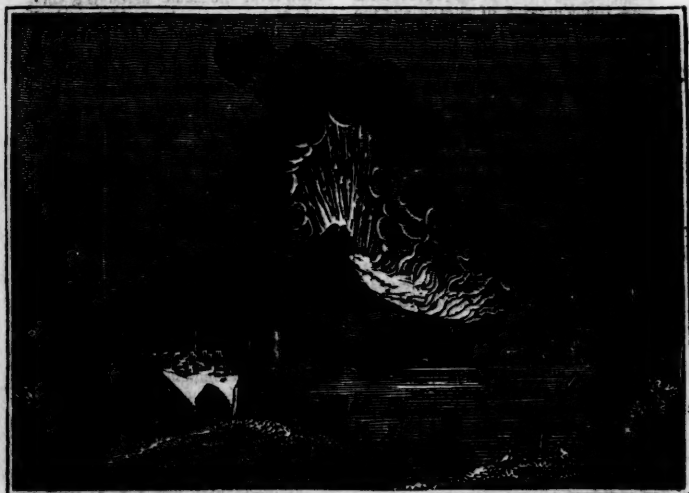
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. V.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1822.

[Price 2d.]

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.



One of the grandest, and at the same time the most awful spectacles in nature, is that of an active volcano, throwing out ashes, pumice stones, and cinders, and pouring forth a torrent of ignited lava, which, like a vast deluge of liquid fire, lays waste the country over which it runs, and buries all the works of human heart. It is then that

"The fluid lake that works below
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The lab'-
ring mount

Is torn with agonizing throes. At once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing
pours

A mighty river; burning in prone waves,
That glimmers thro' the night, to yon-
der plain;

Divided there, a hundred torrent
streams,

Each ploughing up its bed, roll dread-
ful on,

Restless. Villages, and woods, and
rocks,

Fall flat before their sweep."

Vol'anoes, which are thus powerfully described by Mallet, are found in almost all parts of the world, but most com-
Vol. I.

monly in the neighbourhood of the sea, and especially in small islands: for instance, in Italy, Sicily, Iceland, Japan, the Caribbee, Canary, and Cape Verde Islands, and the Azores. There are also numerous volcanoes in Mexico and Peru, especially Pichincha and Cofopaxi. The subterraneous fires which are continually kept up in an open volcano, depend in general on sulphureous combination and decomposition, like the heating of a heap of wet pyrites, or the union of sulphur and iron-sfilings; but in other cases they approach more nearly to the nature of common fires. A mountain of coal has been burning in Siberia for almost a century, and must probably have undermined, in some degree, the neighbouring country.

The two most remarkable volcanoes are those of Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius. As the latter has recently been in a state of eruption, we have given an Engraving, which represents, as correctly as the subject is capable of, this extraordinary convulsion of Nature. This celebrated volcano, which has for so many ages attracted the attention of mankind, and the desolation

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eruptions of which have been so often and so fatally experienced, is distant, in an eastern direction, about seven miles from Naples. It rises, insulated upon a vast and well cultivated plain, presenting two summits on the same base; in which particular it resembles Mount Parnassus. One of these, La Somma, is generally agreed to have been the Vesuvius of Strabo and the ancients; the other, having the greatest elevation, is the mouth of the volcano, which almost constantly emits smoke. Its height above the level of the sea is 8,900 feet, and it may be ascended by three different routes, which are very steep and difficult, from the conical form of the mountain, and the loose ashes which slip from under the feet; still from the distance it is not more than three Italian miles. The circumference of the platform on the top is 5,024 feet, or nearly a mile. Thence may be seen Portici, Capræa, Ischia, Paullippo, and the whole coast of the Gulf of Naples, bordered with orange-trees: the prospect is that of Paradise seen from the infernal regions.

On approaching the mountain, its aspect does not convey any impression of terror, nor is it gloomy, being cultivated for more than two-thirds of its height, and having only its brown top barren. There all verdure ceases; yet when it appears covered with clouds, which sometimes encompass its middle only, this circumstance rather adds to, than detracts from, the magnificence of the spectacle. Upon the lava which the volcano long ago ejected, and which, like great furrows, extend into the plain, and to the sea, are built houses, villages, and towns. Gardens, vineyards, and cultivated fields surround them: but a sentiment of sorrow, blended with apprehensions about the future, arises, on the recollection, that beneath a soil so fruitful and so smiling, lie edifices, gardens, and whole towns, swallowed up. Portici rests upon Herculæum; its environs upon Resina; and at a little distance is Pompeii, in the streets of which, after more than seventeen centuries of non-existence, the astonished traveller now walks. After a long interval of repose, in the first year of the reign of Titus (the 79th of the Christian era), the volcano suddenly broke out, ejecting thick clouds of ashes and pumice stones, beneath which Herculæum, Stabia, and Pompeii, were completely buried. This eruption was fatal to the elder Pliny, the historian, who fell a victim to his humanity and love of science.

There have been thirty-nine eruptions of Mount Vesuvius recorded by historians; the last one makes the fortieth. Previous to the recent eruption, Vesuvius displayed all round the openings which it had made at different periods, and to which they gave the name of mouths. From those openings flowed the lava, the name given the torrents of liquified matter which rushed out of the bursting sides of the Mount.

Running from the summit, it spreads over the fields at the bottom, and to the sea. The matter, when cold, hardens to a stone. It is used to pave the streets of Naples, and in the erection of solid buildings. The depth of the Gulf, or boiling matter, from which arises a constant smoke, is calculated to be about 543 feet. It is common, at all times when it has rained much, to see torrents of water descend with a loud noise from Vesuvius; but those which descend during an eruption do the most damage.

These waters, stopped at the foot of the mountain by immense masses of cinders and sand, which form a sort of dyke, augment their force, and render the fall more impetuous. To these floods of water, shocks of earthquakes are added, which continue at intervals during a month together.

The new eruption commenced on the 20th of October, about twelve o'clock. A dreadful internal noise was heard throughout the neighbourhood; the lava began to appear, and soon flowed in a torrent about a mile broad. The next day a second body of lava, half a mile in breadth, issued forth, and covered the old lava on the side of Bosco-Tre-Case: a third and fourth stream soon afterwards burst forth.

The following particulars of the progress of the eruption are from private letters:—

NAPLES, October 23.—You will have heard, my dear brother, before this reaches you, of the awfully grand eruption of Vesuvius. Nothing similar has been witnessed since 1794, when the town of Torre del Greco, situated at about four miles from the crater, was partly destroyed. During the evening of the 21st, a little smoke appeared, and distinct reports of artillery, as it seemed, proceeded from that part of the bay. Had the sky not been perfectly serene, one would have considered it to be thunder. Towards nine o'clock, however, a little fire appeared at the old crater, and left us no longer in doubt about the cause of the intonations. At a few minutes past 11,

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it burst forth in all its fury, throwing out stones to a great height. In three hours afterwards, the lava rolled forth in two grand streams, one taking towards Resina, where the King's Villa, called La Favorita, is situated, and the other inclining in a more southerly direction to Torre del Annunziata. The torrent of lava which flows towards Resina has already covered 100 acres of ground. The showers of ashes darken the sky, and fall even in the streets of the capital. The stones which have fallen at Bosco Tre-Casse have accumulated to the height of five palms. The eruptions of stones are frequent, and the sounds which issue from the mountain are frightful. All the people who lived near the volcano have fled. About 800 persons from the neighbouring villages have been received by order of the Police and Prefecture.

Oct. 25.—The fire seems to-day to be spent, but as the wind has changed to the south-east, or, as it is called, *Sirocco*, the smoke and ashes have come over Naples, and the mountain with Portici, and all along the bay, are invisible, while at mid-day, torches are almost necessary, and umbrellas absolutely so. The King's villa at Resina was yesterday stripped of its furniture, and I may say that the whole line of coast from Portici to Castellamar, has been abandoned, unless we except the curlews who flock in crowds to see what is passing. The eruption of cinders and smoke at this moment presents the appearance of a very thick and elevated black cone, which the wind blows toward Somma, Ottajano, and Nola. The number of individuals who fled from these villages augmented considerably yesterday. Last night about 2000 of these unfortunate persons received pecuniary assistance.

Oct. 26.—We expect that the eruption will soon entirely cease. The columns of cinders and smoke are decreasing, and the detonations are less frequent and loud than heretofore. Most of the people who had fled are returning to their homes. It rained copiously last night, which has had the effect of purifying the atmosphere, which before was filled with clouds of black ashes. The rain, too, has washed the plants, which have assumed their natural colour and appearance, which under our climate is, even at the end of autumn, so striking and agreeable. The summit of Vesuvius is visible, and it appears that the dreadful eruption which has taken place has torn away a part of the crest of the volcano.

Oct. 26.—The eruption is completely at an end; but violent explosions of cinders still continue. The inhabitants of the country have returned to their homes. Portici and la Torre del Greco have suffered no other injury than what arises from their being in a great part covered with ashes and stones. A portion of the territory of Resina is covered with lava, but only where lava had formerly lain. The tower of the Annunziata has sustained injuries which it will not be easy either to estimate or repair. At Ottajano the fire has consumed 50 acres of wood. These are all the details which have hitherto reached us.

The following additional particulars of this interesting event are contained in another private letter from Naples, dated October 29:—

Vesuvius is comparatively quiet, but it still throws out immense columns of smoke, and the *lapillo* and fine ashes continue to rain round the country according to the direction of the wind. Yesterday the wind blew over Naples, and it was a very rainy day. To my surprise, on going out, I found that the water which fell was of the colour of mud; indeed, so thickly was it mixed with a shower of the fine volcanic ashes, that it has besmeared the houses and trees, and every thing exposed in a most curious manner.

The first stream of lava thrown out at the west side of the crater, was about half a mile in breadth; it passed between the hermitage of San Salvatore and the ruins of a little country house belonging to the King, and descended towards Resina. After having damaged a considerable deal of land, it stopped at a spot called Il Monte.

The second came out at the same time, and from the same mouth as the first; it was about two miles broad; and descended towards the village called Bosco di Tre Case; but as it ran over former lava, it did no injury.

The third proceeded from a mouth that opened during this eruption low down the sides of the volcano; it ran towards the place called Il Monte, but it also flowing over old lava, did no injury. The second and third stopped nearly in the same place.

The fourth and last descended from an old mouth called Vulcano, on the south side; reaching Fedemontina, it joined itself with a smaller stream of lava; thence it ran on over old lava, as far as the hollow called Atrio del Cavallo. It seemed to menace La Torre del Greco.

It has been observed that the volcanic matter, not lava, thrown out by Vesuvius this time, taken in mass, is much more considerable than the lava itself.

The damage done by the eruption is not so considerable as the dreadful and menacing appearances of the mountain would have induced me to imagine. Portici and the Torre del Greco have suffered no other inconvenience than that arising from some sharp showers of *lapillo* and ashes. Resina has had about twenty *moggia* of land covered. A *moggia* is a Neapolitan measure, equivalent to about four-fifths of an English acre. From the Torre del Greco to the Torre del Annunziata, the road is now covered to the depth of two feet with *lapillo* and fine ashes. The Torre del Annunziata has suffered most; all its finely cultivated lands are covered with a very thick stratum of *lapillo* and ashes. Near Ottajano, about forty or fifty *moggia* of wood were consumed. Yesterday, this part suffered greatly from a deluge of warm water, mixed with ashes.

A great number of labourers, aided by Austrian and Neapolitan soldiers, are employed in clearing the roads. The heavy rains that are expected at this season will do much, but I fear that the country round the Torre del Annunziata will not be speedily restored to the industry of man.

The distance at which the fine ashes have fallen is astonishing; the master of an English vessel, which came in last Saturday, gathered them on the deck the Wednesday evening preceding, when he was off the Tuscan coast, at least two hundred miles from Naples.

TOM RUBY'S JOURNEY;

OR,

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

Tom Ruby was a merry wag

As any in the town,

And he full fifteen years had worn,

And grac'd the civic gown.

To carve a pig, or hare, or haunch,

Whatever was the work,

At table all gave up to Tom,

For handling knife or fork.

The summer's sultry heat now drives

Each Cit to his retreat;

To Margate some retire to bathe,

To Highbury some to eat.

The Club were at the Pigeons met,

And Ruby in the Chair,

Propos'd a dining country jaunt

Next Sunday, if 'twere fair.

But where the place? for Highgate some,

And some for Hornsey vote;

But the majority agree

To fix it more remote.

Says Tom, I recollect a place,

And think we're all in luck;

What think you of the Forest, Lads,

And Church*, at the Roe-buck.

And there we'll have a nice snug haunch,

Some ducks—a bit of fish;

With any other little thing,

By way of a side dish.

Leave me to cater—I'll provide

The thing that's neat and staunch;

For Selby shall supply the fish,

Mott, ducks—and Birch, the haunch.

Agreed nem. con.: and now bright Sol

Bursts forth with ardent ray;

'Twas Sunday, and it soon became

A sweltering summer's day.

The Pigeons was the rendezvous

Where they agreed to meet,

And there each member's steed so sleek

Stood waiting in the street.

But first each traveller, ere he mounts,

Demands th' accustom'd lunch.

And washes down the sav'ry bit

With wine, or ale, or punch.

To horse! to horse! now mounted, each

Firm on his charger sat:

All but Tom Ruby, who was gone

In quest of his lost hat.

Now ill betide the man who made

Hat-lining like a purse,

And rais'd the crown, for 'twas to Tom

A temporary curse.

He sought his hat both high and low,

And many a curse did mutter.

At length 'twas found, and in the crown

Sly hid—a lump of butter.

Tom puts it on, then mounts his steed,

To join his comrades flies,

And dashes over Mile-end road,

While clouds of dust arise.

By this time butter 'gan to melt,

And Tom began to sweat,

Bless me! says he, how I perspire!

I am quite wringing wet!

See here, my friends, see how it pours

Adown my face and nose!

I never did thus sweat before—

It drenches all my clothes!

Why, Tom (says one), you are unwell,

Your looks are pale and wan!

And my advice is, get to bed,

As soon as e'er you can.

* The landlord.

And you, my friends, take care of him,
While I push nimbly on,
To get a comfortable bed
To lay our friend upon.

Now Tom, surrounded by his friends,
Moves on with gentler pace,
While each man his opinion gives
Of this alarming case.

Says one—I do remember well
(I think it is in Stowe)
A case like this; a dreadful scourge,
Three hundred years ago:

The *sweating sickness* it was call'd,
And if I read it aright,
Whoever was attack'd at morn,
Was sure to die that night!

Indeed! quoth Tom, then pray move
on,
And let me get repose;
I feel it now from head to foot—
I'm sweating at my toes!

Now all arriv'd at the Roebuck,
Poor Tom is put to bed,
With strictest orders that no noise
May trouble his poor head.

Thus leaving him to his repose,
They all adjourn to dine;
But slyly from among his clothes
His waistcoat they purloin:

Which given to the chamber-maid,
She strictly is enjoin'd
(And promised something for her pains)
To take it in behind.

So said, so done, Sally begins,
Now turns the waistcoat o'er,
And, gath'ring up the back, sews up
Some five inches or more.

Then stealing softly to his room,
She hears him gently doze,
And slyly puts the waistcoat down
Among his other clothes.

Meantime the jolly lads below,
In ven'son knuckle deep,
Push round the haunch, and wag their
chins,

Then drink "Our Friend asleep!"
The dinner done, and cloth remov'd,
For drinking each prepares,
And now a member is dispatch'd
To see how Ruby fares.

How fares it, Tom?—I'm better now,
My sweat has left me quite,
Do move this pillow, lend your hand,
I'll strive to sit upright.

Strive to sit up! you shall go down
And join our friends below;
Come, I'll help dress you, here's your
clothes,

'Twill do you good, I know.

Now Tom, assisted by his friend,
Put on his clothes in haste;
But when his waistcoat he tried on,
With fear he stood aghast.

Mercy upon us! how I'm swell'd:
I ne'er was so before!
My waistcoat will not meet in front,
By five inches or more!

O Lord! I'm struck with death I'm sure!
I presently shall burst!
I'm in a fever!—give me drink
To quench this raging thirst.

His friends with well-felgn'd grief attend
His chamber round about,
And one sly rogue with penknife keen
Soon *lets the waistcoat out*.

Another wag says—I suspect
'Tis *wind* within him pent,
That swells him thus; I therefore move
He take some nutriment.

Now try to dress yourself, friend Tom,
'Tis *wind* that thus does tease you;
Tom tries his waistcoat, and bawls out,
Zounds now it buttons easy!

See how I'm fallen in the waist!
Five inches round about!
And yet I marvel, as 'twas *wind*,
Which way it has got out!

Light gruel, and a thin dry toast,
Is brought for Tom's repast,
As grosser food ('twas said) might hurt,
After a ten hours' fast!

Now cautiously they lead him down,
Then mount him on his steed,
While he with rueful face declares
A strong desire to feed.

But food they all declare is bad
For his peculiar case,
And now tow'rd's London back again
They jog with moderate pace.

And Ruby safe arriv'd at home,
Goes supperless to bed,
There dreams all night of city treats,
With tables nobly spread.

An ample breakfast he takes down
Next morn—two pounds at least;
But, cursing the Roe-buck, declares
He'll not go there to feast.

THE MERMAID.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

I see by the Papers, that the Mermaid, after having escaped the attempts of Collectors, who would have immured her in their Museums; and the barbarity of the Surgeons, who wanted to dissect her, is at last—to use an expression at the sound of which every experienced man's face instinctively

tively lengthens—"thrown into Chancery." Alas! poor Mermaid!

It is to be hoped, that the individual who ran away with this object of universal admiration, was not aware that she was fated to become a *Ward of Chancery*; for, if he did, he may, according to the doctrines lately promulgated, stand in a very perilous situation. Such *protégés* are a sort of animal *noli-me-tangere*; the coming in contact with which draws down on the unhappy adventurer dreadful consequences.

But as this interesting personage is really in this accomplished Court, there is now an excellent opportunity of setting at rest, in an indubitable manner, all the anxieties which have been excited respecting its reality. What think you, Mr. Editor, of a reference to the Master, to inquire, and state to the Court, whether the Mermaid be a Mermaid? What an opportunity would here offer for judicial jokes and forensic witticisms! and what a field would be opened for erudite research in the Master's office! The copyright of the Master's Report would be a fortune. Or, if this subject should be thought too difficult to be attempted by the "sages of the law," unassisted by other illumination, let an issue be directed, to ascertain the momentous fact in dispute. In such a proceeding, it is obvious that the Jury ought to be awarded *de medietate*; which, being translated, for the benefit of country gentlemen, into language that is common both to the lawyers' bar and the publicans' bar, signifies "half and half." The combination I would suggest would be, that one half of the Jury should consist of "matrons," to afford the means of ascertaining the *womanhood* of the subject; and the other half chosen from the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, in order to try its *ichthyology*.

It is the opinion of Sir Thomas Browne (see his *Vulgar Errors*, l. 5, ch. 19,) and of many other authors, that the Syrens, mentioned by Homer in his *Odyssey*, were no other than Mermaids. If that be so, how great must be the value of the individual, now, alas! thrown into Chancery? for, as Homer speaks of them in the dual number, it has been most reasonably argued, that they were but two, and *Kustathius* gives them two names. The Court of Chancery, then, possesses a Ward, who may be described as *presque unique*.

Sir Thomas Browne, in the place above cited, says, "No man's eyes have escaped the picture of a Mermaid." I cannot deny that my visual organs have encountered this universal exhibition. But I never saw any picture of a Mermaid, which did not represent this enchanting compound with a *Mirror* (I do not, Mr. Editor, mean a copy of your interesting miscellany, though, from the interest you take in the damsel, your work would, no doubt, be acceptable to English Mermaids,) but a looking-glass in one hand, and a comb in the other. I may add, in the only introduction of this bi-formed being which I remember to have witnessed on the stage, in Tom Dibdin's *Harlequin Hoax*; or, *A Pantomime Rehearsed*, according to my recollection, she appeared with these appropriate ornaments.* But, Sir, the Mermaid in question is, I am shocked to say, despoiled of these essential attributes. Now, I would seriously put it to the Chancellor, whether this be not a very alarming circumstance? and I doubt not, that his Lordship will have no doubt, that it ought not to be allowed to grow into a precedent. Think, Mr. Editor, only think, what a dreadful calamity it would be, if all his Lordship's Wards were to be in like manner deprived of their combs and looking-glasses! Think, Sir, how many angelic faces would—but I cannot proceed with this topic: it is too much for my nerves; and, if pursued, would probably operate too powerfully on the lachrymal sensibility for which his Lordship is so justly celebrated.

But, Sir, I am not without apprehension, that some evil-minded persons, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, but being moved and instigated by the (Printer's) devil, and being desirous to bring the practice of a most honourable profession into hatred, ridicule, and contempt, and to scandalise the same, may be tempted to convert this matter into an occasion of sneering against the Law.—Some eritics, in their labours to explain what was the foundation of the fiction of the Syrens (who, we have already seen, have been identified with Mermaids), have asserted, that the Syrens were

* Our correspondent is here in error. The Mermaid in *Harlequin Hoax* has not a looking-glass in her hand when she rises from the ocean, but a glass of gin and water, of which she acknowledges having drank so freely that she is half seas-over.—Error.

Queens of certain small islands, named *Sirenusæ*, lying near *Capræ*, in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Minerva, on the top of which that Goddess had a temple. Here, it is said, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Syrens, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences; whence the fable of the sweetness of their voices. But at length, we are told, the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, and the corruption of manners; and therefore they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, and the consumption of their patrimonies. Such ill-natured persons may perhaps ask, Whether the temple of Law was not originally the school of eloquence, and the academies of liberal sciences? and whether some modern students there have not abused their knowledge to the colouring of wrong, and the corruption of manners, and enticed clients to their ruin, and the consumption of their patrimonies?

HOMUNCULUS.

London, Nov. 21, 1822.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ON DOGS.

Dogs!—I love dogs, “for they are honest creatures, and never fawn on those they like not.” Of all the domesticated animals, I know none before them in usefulness, or in real attachment and faithfulness to man; in ardent courage in the defence of his person, or honesty in protecting his property. That their attachment is disinterested, we cannot but believe, when we look at the affection which a blind-man’s dog shows to him in all his poverty, and in that daily imprisonment of the leathern leading-string. What but attaching affection could induce such a poor, wandering, free-prisoner of the streets, when he is at night loosed from his prison-thrall, to allow himself to be quietly strapped to his blind log the next morning? Nothing but genuine love for his poor blind master could thus content a dog, that might be free if he would, to such a life of restraint and beggary. How often have I pitied that matchless beast which patiently sits perched on that end whereby should hang a waggish tail, with two or three specimen bundles of matches in his faithful paws, “from morn to eve, a summer’s day,” and from twelve till

two, a November day in the city, his dark master meantime pouring out his God-bless-you thankfulnesses, and pity-stirring plants, with that beseeching earnestness of voice and benedictory piety of manner which none but your poor stone-blind beggars ever attain to, but the whole of whose blessings and brimstones only bring into his inverted hat a shilling’s-worth of half-hourly dropping half-pennies, to the infinite soreness of his petitioning knees, and to the cold numbing and desponding drooping of poor Tray’s cramped tail, that wags no more than does that erect and stiff stone Lion’s tail that overmounts the lordly house of the Percys, at Charing-cross.

Seeing, as we must see, or ought to see, the excellent and excellent qualities of that many-despised quadruped, it has often surprised me that any man of a mild mind, with a little milk of humility in it, should feel uneasy at being called *Dog*! I know that those Greek-grinding, opium-chewing ruffians, the Turks, in the serenity of their tempers, fling it as a stone of reproach at the foreheads of the Christians; but to me it seems, and ever has seemed, a handsome and elevating compliment, and nothing but being kicked in the same breath, like a dog, would convince me it was not one; and even in this dilemma I should have a reasonable number of doubts whether it was not still a compliment, and that the kicks of accompaniment were intended only to impress a lasting sense of the value of it, and to refresh the slow and tardy memory, which is ever behind in it’s recollections. To be called *Puppy*! even, is put-up-withable. But if an impertinent, instead of calling me generally *Dog*, went into particularities, and chose to designate me *Spaniel*, or *Pug*, and this opprobrium happened in January, I might take time, in the following December, to take offence at it: because Spaniels I dislike for their fawning tempers; and Pug-dogs for their useless littleness, and heel-barking pug-nacity, a word no doubt derived from them. Pugs are as libellous of the better race of dogs, as monkeys and dwarfs are of the nobler race of man. Next to these, the whole variety of French Shocks, and family and single Lap-dogs are obnoxious to my high opinions of dogs in general. I can never feel any thing but a bitter biped indignation when I see a wealthy and well-informed woman lavishing that fondness on those ugly quadrupeds, who

are thought handsome, which if bestowed on some little friendless orphan, whom they might comfort at less expense, and adopt and keep at little more than is wasted on those wiry-haired aliens. When I meet one of these fat and pampered animals waddling and wheezing its panting way after its fashionable mistress, I am much perplexed which to despise; but as I venerate all petticoats. I usually satisfy my spleen with despising the dog instead of his mistress. And when I have seen a tall manly fellow of a lady's lacquey hoisting one of these white enormities under his arm, and dogging the heels of his superior, I have felt something like indignation, that even a man in a livery should be degraded to so vile and unmanly an office. But when I have met in the Mall some fair spinster hugging one of these monstrous affection-stealers to her fair bosom, I have, at the moment, wished myself bitten by a mad dog, that I might run about the Parks and polite places in an unsuspicious shape, and bite every dog's tail that was caught dangling down from the dexter bend of a fair spinster's elbows, and thus inoculate those pretty protégés with the dog-day variolus of death; at other times, I have wished myself a humane overseer of the poor, with an arbitrary power given me to snatch away these undue favourites from their arms, and to place in their stead, the little orphans and foundlings of human nature, taking the mother-forsaken child from the half-feeding work-house, and sending the well-fed banished dog there as its proper substitute. Would that this could be done by force of pens, rather than by force of arms! Would that one of these fair sinners against the beautiful affections of her sex, could be converted by this hint from such an absurd custom! How much handsomer would a handsome woman look followed by two or three chubby English children attendants, though in the livery of dependence, than by the same number of French dogs: even the old fashion of a following black boy was a more humane folly.

An ingenious Barrister, of rather singular opinions, has a very plausible theory on the subject of dogs, on which I have heard him hold forth rather dogmatically: that you may ascertain and infer the prevailing disposition of a man in the particular choice of his dog: as thus—if he choose a Spaniel, not for sporting purposes, but for a companion,

he infers that he loves to be flattered, or else that he has himself a taste for fawning on others; if a Pug, that he is apt at impertinence, but impotent and insignificant; if a Cur, that he is savage and sly, sneaking and cowardly; if a Bull Dog, that he is obstinate and unyielding in anger, but harmless, though surly, when in a good temper; if a Newfoundland, the noblest of all dogs, and the most humane and human of all animals, and he is courageous, gentle, and generous, and has a philanthropic turn of mind, that would not let a man drown without trying to save him; if a Terrier, that he is ferretish, sharp-scented, and keen, and that he is a lawyer, or should have been one. This is certainly ingenious, and it may be true. One may indeed observe a peculiar congeniality in disposition between some men and some animals. One man shall resemble a dog in his habits and appetites; another a fox in his craftiness; a third a monkey in his mischievousness; a fourth, an ass in his intellect, and so on; down the many-linked chain of animals, and up the variously-linked chain of men. A late Right Honourable dramatist and M. P. has said that, "all are not men that wear the human form;" neither are all dogs that wear dog's habits. But I will not be prescribing and invidious, and set the malicious and the cruel, who are always glad of an excuse for their inhumanity, kicking and stoning all dogs that are not deserving of that honourable title.

Dogs have more sagacity, and instinct, and intellect, than any other animal.—Innumerable are the recorded instances of their tenacious memories of men, places, and circumstances; of the strength and long endurance of their attachments; and of their reflective powers that seem to weigh the consequences of their own actions and the actions of others. Never shall I forget the humane misconceptions of that noble Newfoundland dog I once met with, who would not suffer a smaller dog of the mongrel species, quietly to swim about a pond, without plunging in after him, and bringing him out in his mouth, as if he conceived him in danger of drowning; and as fast as the mongrel was thrown in again, so often did he jump in after him, and bring him again to land. By the way, I have often thought that a score or two of these brave dogs, regularly trained to the employment, and stationed as assistants to the assiduous humanities of the Humane Society, would do more good

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than all the drags and life-boats that ingenious invention ever invented.—
New European Magazine.

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When Lord Avonmore was a young man, better known on the turf than at the bar, he founded a club near Newmarket, called the *Monks of the Screw*; the rules of which he drew up in very quaint and comic Monkish Latin verse. It was on this model that a still more celebrated club of the same name was afterwards established, under his Lordship's auspices, in Dublin. It met on every Sunday during the law terms, in a large house in Kevin's-street, the property of the late Lord Tracton, and now converted into a seneschal's court. The reader may have some idea of the delightful intercourse this society must have afforded, when he learns, that Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Bowes Daly, and a host of such men, were amongst its members. Curran was installed grand prior of the order, and deputed to compose the charter song. It began thus:

When St. Patrick our order created,
And called us the Monks of the Screw;
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain,
With liquor the best in the sky,
And he swore by the word of his saint-
ship,

That fountain should never run dry.
My children, be chaste till your tempt-
ed;—

While sober, be wise and discreet;—
And humble your bodies with fasting,
Where'er you've got nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found,
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival—all the year round.

Saint Patrick, the tutelary idol of the country, was their patron saint; and a statue of him, mitred and crosiered, after having for years consecrated their Monkish revels, was transferred to Curran's convivial sideboard at the Priory. Of the hours passed in this society, Curran ever afterwards spoke with enthusiasm. "Those hours," said he, addressing Lord Avonmore on one occasion as a judge, and wringing tears from his aged eyes at the recollection, "in which we can remember with no other regret than that they can return no more:

"We spent them not in toys, or lust,
or wine,

But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend,
were thine."

Percy Anecdotes.

DRINKING FROM SCULLS.

Among the Scandinavian barbarians, it was deemed the highest point of self-city, that they should, in the future state, be seated in the hall of Odin, and there get intoxicated by quaffing strong liquors from the skulls of those over whom they had triumphed in battle.

"Bibemus cerevisiam,
Ex concavis craniorum crateribus."

The Italian poet Marino, to whom Milton owes not a few of the splendid situations in *Paradise Lost*, makes the conclave of friends in Pandemonium, quaff wine from the pericranium of Minerva. Mandeville relates, that the old Guetres exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only their skulls, of which he says, "the son maketh a cuppe, and therefrom drynketh he with gret devotion."

In our elder dramatists, we have frequent mention of the custom of converting skulls into cups. In Middleton's "Witch," when the Duke takes a bowl, and is told it is a skull, he replies,

"Call it a soldier's cup;
Our duchess I know will pledge us, tho'
the cup

Was once her father's head, which, as
a trophy,

We'll keep till death."
Massinger has frequent allusions to this custom; and in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," Torrenti says,

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers
heads,
Their skulls set all in silver, to drink
healths

To his confusion first invented war."

But, as Sir Thomas Browne observes, "to be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations;" yet of this tragical abomination has a British nobleman and poet been guilty. Lord Byron, when a youth, ransacked the cemetery of his ancestors at Newstead Abbey, for a skull sufficiently capacious and sound, to convert into a carousing cup. This he has had mounted with silver, somewhat after the fashion of the wine cups formed of the shell of the

ostrich. He has also written an inscription on it, which, for spirit, might rival the Bacchanalian productions of the Teian bard.

The Nobelst.

No. III.

THE HERMITAGE OF ROLANDSECK.

The Castle, or rather Hermitage of Rolandseck, was christened after Roland, the gallant nephew of Charlemagne, who, as the story goes, set out one day from his uncle's palace at Ingelheim on a picturesque tour, on the banks of the Rhine. He dropped in at the chateau of a valiant knight, who received him with a friendly squeeze of the hand; while his daughter (who like other young ladies in those good days, was not above being useful) ran to fetch him some home-made bread and wine. As she poured out the wine, with the grace of a Hebe, into a goblet adorned with the arms of the old Chatelain, and presented it with a blush to the nephew of the great king, he was struck with her beauty and modest grace; and was soon surprised to find certain enigmatical sensations creeping about him which he had never experienced before. His arm trembled as he took the goblet, and he involuntarily said to himself—"this never happened to me in presence of the enemy, or when opposed to the thick swords of the Saracens." At night Roland could not close his eyes, for the image of the beautiful Hildegonda, which stood constantly before him. In the morning, when about to take leave, his kind host demanded his name. The modest Roland blushed as he gave it, for it was the glory of the whole country; and the knight was so enchanted at the distinction of his visitor, that he begged him to stay another day—Hildegonda said not a word—but her looks were eloquent, and Roland wanted little persuasion.

The fate of the young knight's heart was decided by his stay, and he only waited for an opportunity to declare himself. Such opportunities generally present themselves—and Roland, as he walked in the garden, found the young lady sitting in a pensive reverie, in which a bolder modern beau would have flattered himself he had a place. Roland's timidity, however, made him awkward in accessing her; and the young lady, to conceal her own embarrassments, stooped to gather a rose just by. The knight begged her to give it him—lamenting that as yet no emblem of

happy moments adorned his casque; and that when his comrades boasted the beauty and virtue of their belles, he was obliged to look down and be silent. Hildegonda with a blush complied, saying, as she presented it to him—"All that is beautiful endures but for a moment."—Roland no longer hesitated to declare his passion—they swore to each other eternal fidelity; and the knight promised to return immediately after the campaign in Palestine, to lead his mistress to the altar.

After Roland's departure, Hildegonda led a retired and pensive life. The fame of her lover's achievements reached her, and gladdened her heart. One evening a travelling knight demanded hospitality at the castle. He had served in Charlemagne's army, and Hildegonda trembled as she demanded intelligence of Roland. "I saw him fall gloriously by my side, covered with wounds," said the knight.—Hildegonda turned pale at his words, and was motionless as a statue. Ten days afterwards she asked permission of her father to take the veil; and she entered the convent of Frauenworth, in an island in the Rhine. The bishop of the diocese, who was her relation, allowed her to abridge her noviciate and profess herself at the end of three months.

Roland, who it seems had been left for dead on the field, and had afterwards recovered of his wounds, came soon after to her father's castle, to claim the hand of Hildegonda. In his grief at the tidings he received, he built a hermitage on a rock immediately above the island of Frauenworth, and called it Rolandseck, (Roland's corner). Here he passed the remainder of his days, sitting at the gate of his hermitage, looking down on the convent which held his beloved object. When the matins bell roused him, he would rise and listen to the chanting of the nuns, fancying he could distinguish the voice of his Hildegonda; and when at night the lights glimmered in the cells of the convent, his imagination saw Hildegonda praying to Heaven for him.

Two years passed in this manner had nearly consumed his strength. One morning, looking as usual down on the convent, some people were digging a grave in the garden. Something whispered to Roland, that this grave was for Hildegonda. On sending to inquire, his conjecture proved true—he stood and watched the funeral procession, saw her corpse let down into the grave,

and listened to the requiem chanted over her—and he was found not long after sitting dead before his hermitage, his eyes turned towards the convent!

THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

Near the little village of Hirtzenach, between St. Goar and Boppard, the ruins of the two old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels stand close together on a fine mountain covered with vines on the right bank of the river. Their grey mouldering towers nod at each other with a sort of rival dignity; and they go by the name of the Two Brothers. Tradition says they were formerly inhabited by an old knight who had two sons equally dear to him, and a rich and beautiful young orphan was also brought up under his protection. Her charms increased with her years; and, as was very natural, the young knights both fell in love with their fair play-fellow. When she arrived at a marriageable age, the father proposed to her to choose between his two sons; but she, knowing the sentiments of both, was unwilling to grieve either by preferring his rival. The elder son, however, believing that her heart a little inclined to his brother, resigned his pretensions, and besought her to declare in his brother's favour. The old knight gave the young couple his blessing, but their union was delayed. The elder brother saw without envy, but not without melancholy, the happiness of his rival. The charms of his beloved object increased in his eyes every day; to fly from her presence he joined the Prince, residing at Rhense, and was admitted into his suite.

Just at this time, St. Bernard was preaching the cross on the banks of the Rhine. There was not a *chateau* near the river that did not send a knight to Frankfort, where the Emperor Conrad presented the Saint to the people, who all took the cross. Almost every castle along the river, from Basle to Cologne, mounted a streaming flag, with the holy symbol of Our Saviour's sufferings; and the river and roads in the country were thronged with joyous companies flocking towards Palestine. The young intended bridegroom caught the general flame, and resolved to visit the Holy Land before leading his bride to the altar. In spite of his father's displeasure, and the ill-concealed tears of the young lady, he assembled his little troop and joined the Emperor's army at Frankfort.

The old knight dying soon after, the elder brother returned from Rhense to

take possession of his ancestor's castle. Love was now ready to revive more strongly than ever in his breast;—but he overcame himself, and scrupulously treated the young lady with the kind protection of a brother. Two years had elapsed when the news arrived that the younger brother was returning from Palestine, accompanied by a beautiful Grecian dame, to whom he was betrothed. This intelligence cut his deserted fair one to the heart; and, according to the custom of the age in such disappointments, she resolved to take the veil. The elder son was indignant at this conduct of his brother; and, when a courier arrived at the castle to announce his approach, he threw down his glove, bidding him take that for answer.

The Crusader arrived with his fair Grecian at the Castle of Sternfels, his paternal inheritance—and a bloody war took place between the brothers, which they were on the point of concluding by single combat, when the young lady interposed and pacified them by her persuasions. She afterwards quitted the abode of her infancy, and took the veil.

Sadness and mourning now reigned in the Castle of Liebenstein—while joy and dissipation occupied the inhabitants of Sternfels. The beauties of the Grecian dame, and the graces of her conversation, attracted around her all the gay knights of the neighbourhood; and she was by no means scrupulous in receiving their homage. The elder brother saw the disgrace of his brother, before he himself was aware of it, and soon found an opportunity to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The young knight would have sacrificed her to his vengeance, but she found means to escape. The elder brother pressed him in his arms as he was abandoning himself to despair, saying—"Let us live henceforth together without wives, to do honour to the grief of our first love, who is now passing the brightest days of youth in a convent." The younger brother agreed, and they remained batchelors and inseparable friends for the rest of their days. Their race expired with them.

Miscellanies.

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

This splendid monument of antiquity is in excellent state of preservation

in the interior, but the outsides have suffered much from the ravages of time. The following description of this noble building is by a recent Swiss traveller, Mr. Galiffe:—

The Arena itself, or the space set apart for the performances, is an oval, of about 250 feet in length, by 145 in breadth; it seems at first sight extremely small, the eye being deceived by the immense size of the theatre around it; and the first impression on the spectator's mind is, that none but very simple games could be represented in it. But there was, in reality, room enough for any performance or combat whatsoever. Around the Arena are forty-five rows of seats, raised one above another, the circumference of the lowest of which may be about 233 paces, and that of the uppermost about 453 paces; so that every successive row of seats has an extent of about five paces more than that which is below it. Allowing three spectators for every two paces, the amount of the whole would be 23,152. But as the two lower rows of seats are interrupted at each end by a grand entrance gate, over which there is a terrace or balcony, (serving either for the chief magistrates, or for the music, or for the herald, who explained what games were to take place,) the capacity of these rows is thus considerably diminished. I shall therefore take the whole number of places to be about 23,000. Our *laquais de place* assured us, that there were 85,000 spectators in it at one time, at an entertainment given, a few years ago, to the Pope! This is a trifling specimen of the degree of credit, which this sort of *officerone* deserves; and it was this strange exaggeration that induced me to measure the space, and to calculate its capacity. Lalande reckons 22,500 places; and the *Notizia delle cose più osservabili della Città di Verona*, says 23,464; so that my calculation cannot be very far from the truth. Whatever may be the attractive powers of a Pope, it is difficult to imagine that he could draw together 85,000 persons, in a town which has only 45,000 inhabitants.

"The external length of the building is near five hundred feet, the breadth four hundred feet, and the circumference fourteen hundred and forty feet."

PETER, THE WILD BOY.

The following curious account of Peter, the Wild Boy, is collected from Lord Monboddo's interesting work on Ancient Metaphysics:—"Peter, the Wild Boy, when he was first brought

to England, was found in 1725, in the woods of Hamelin, twenty-eight miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees. Being presented to the King while at dinner, his Majesty made him taste of all the dishes that were served up at table, and in order to bring him by degrees to human diet, commanded that he should have such provisions as he might like best. He was at that time judged to be about twelve or thirteen years old. Afterwards he made his escape into the same woods, but was again caught on a tree, which was obliged to be first sawed down.—He was brought to England in April, 1726, and again introduced into the presence of his Majesty, and many of the nobility. He could not speak, and scarce seemed to have any idea of things. However, it was observed, that he took most notice of his Majesty, and of the Princess giving him her glove, which he tried to put on his own hand, and seemed much pleased, as he was with a gold watch which was held to strike at his ear. At one time he was dressed in blue clothes: at another time, in green, lined with red, with scarlet stockings. At first he appeared uneasy to wear any, and he could not be brought to lie upon a bed, but sat in a corner of the room: whence it is conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. However, he walked upright, and even sat for his picture. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house, near Burlington-Gardens, he either was, or was to have been, baptized; but, notwithstanding all the pains he took, it does not appear that the Doctor was able to bring this wild youth to the use of speech, or to the pronunciation of any words."

EARTHQUAKES.

Aleppo, one of the most beautiful cities of the Turkish empire, containing 40,000 houses and 200,000 inhabitants, has been visited by an earthquake resembling those which laid waste Lisbon and Calabria, in the last century.

The first and most severe shock occurred on the 13th of August, about 10 in the evening, and instantly buried thousands of the inhabitants under the ruins of their elegant mansions of stone, some of which deserve the name of palaces. Several other shocks succeeded, and even on the 16th shocks were still experienced, some of which were severe. Two-thirds of the houses of

this populous city are in ruins, and along with them an immense quantity of valuable goods of all kinds from Persia and India have been destroyed.

According to the first accounts of this event, which through alarm may have been exaggerated, the number of the sufferers amounts to from 25 to 30,000. Among them is one of the best men in the city, the Imperial Consul-General, the Chevalier Esdras Von Picotto.— Having escaped the danger of being buried under the ruins of his own house, he hastened with some of his family towards the gate of the city; but as he was passing a Khan, a new shock occurred, and a wall fell down, which buried him and those with him. Tartars who have arrived at Constantinople from Damascus, report that they saw the whole population of Aleppo encamped in the environs. They state that several other towns in the Pachalat of Aleppo and Tripoli, particularly Antioch and Laodicea, have been destroyed by this earthquake. The captain of a French ship also has reported that two rocks, at the time of the earthquake, had arisen from the sea in the neighbourhood of Cyprus, which is almost under the same latitude as Aleppo.

As soon as the Arabs and the Bedouins of the Syrian desert obtained information of the calamity which had befallen Aleppo, they hastened in hordes to exercise their trade of plunder in that immense grave. Behrem Pacha, however, drove them back, and also executed several Janissaries, who had committed depredations among the dead bodies and ruins.

The great number of unburied bodies in this extremely hot period of the year, has produced pestilential effluvia, and obliged the unfortunate inhabitants to seek for refuge in some remote district.

Naturalists have remarked that the earthquake at Aleppo was preceeded and followed nearly at the same time by other earthquakes at immense distances. In addition to those of Carlsstadt, in Sweden, and Danton, in England, an earthquake happened on the 9th of August, in Siberia. A private letter from Tomak, in Siberia, dated the 28th of July (9th of August, new style), gives the following details:—"At seven minutes past ten at night, a violent earthquake was felt in our city. The shock was so violent that I could not write, but hurried out of my chamber. The house shook, and we heard a terrible noise. The direction of the shock was from north to south. It lasted nearly

sixty seconds. The weather was calm and serene."

The city of Latakia (the Laodicea of Holy Writ), which is about seventy-five miles distant from Aleppo, has, like the latter city, been visited with an earthquake, in the night of the 13th of August, which has done great damage. A shock had been felt on the 12th, and it was imagined that all was over, when, on the 13th, about twenty minutes past nine in the evening, a slight trembling was the harbinger of most violent shocks that immediately followed. They began from north to south, and then took a direction from east to west. The shock continued for forty seconds. The quarter in which the houses of the Consuls are situated has suffered the most. A third part of the city lies in ruins. Several villages in the environs are wholly destroyed. Of the little town of Gibelette three-fourths are destroyed. Its harbour is choked up by the ruins of the houses that have fallen into it. Three hundred persons have lost their lives on this occasion.

BULL-BAITING AND COCK-FIGHTING.

The brutal practice of baiting bulls, which had afterwards the sanction of a barbarous legislature, is said to have taken its rise at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, where, according to a manorial custom, a bull was given by the Prior to the Minstrels. After undergoing the torture of having his horns cut, his ears and tail cropped to the very stumps, and his nostrils filled with pepper, his body was to be smeared with soap, and he was turned out in that pitiable state, in order to be hunted. This was called bull-running; and if the bull was taken, or held long enough to pull off some of his hair, he was then tied to the stake, and baited. In this unfeeling manner was the most innocuous and useful of the animal creation treated by savage man; by priests and legislators, in too many periods, notwithstanding their high pretensions, equally unenlightened in essentials, with the lowest of mankind! The voluntary combats of animals form a case widely different. Nature herself has sown the seeds of contention in the constitutions of men and beasts; and to witness the equal combats of either, is at least an act of legitimate curiosity, if it be no proof of the softer feelings of the soul. Cock-fighting is said to be very ancient, and of Greek, or even Indian origin;

and there are, it seems, at this day, in India, game-cocks of a large size, which equal in desperate valour those of our own country. The following anecdote of an English game-cock, so well portrays the nature of that bold and martial species of animal, that it is worthy of being recorded. In the justly celebrated and decisive naval engagement of Lord Howe's fleet with that of France, on the first of June 1794, a game-cock on board one of our ships, chanced to have his house beat to pieces by a shot, or some falling rigging, which accident set him at liberty; the feathered hero now perched on the stump of the mainmast, which had been carried away, continued crowing and clapping his wings during the remainder of the engagement, enjoying, to all appearance, the thundering horrors of the scene.

The Indians are extravagantly fond of cock-fighting, especially the inhabitants of Sumatra, and the other Malayes. They pay even greater attention to the training and feeding these birds than we ever did, even when that diversion was at its height. They arm one of the legs only, not with a slender gaff, as we do, but with arms in form of a scymeter, which make most dreadful destruction. The cocks are never trimmed, but fought in full feather. The Sumaritans fight their cocks for vast sums; a man has been known to stake his wife or his children; a son, his mother or sisters, on the issue of a battle. In disputed points four umpires are appointed; if they cannot agree, there is no appeal but to the sword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are *betooah*, or invulnerable; a father on his very death bed has, under that opinion, directed his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, under the full conviction of consequential success.

The Europeans in Hindoostan trim the cocks and fight them with common gaffs. The cocks are of a great size, and often weigh ten pounds, but fight with the same spirit as the best British. The Nabobs themselves often enter into the contest with our English gentry. The stake worthy of this Pactolian country, a lack of rupees. Mr. Zoffany sent over a picture into England, in which the Nabob of Oude is represented engaged with an English officer. In the back ground appear the dancing girls, and all the wild magnificence of an Indian court.

CONVIVIAL CLUBS OF FORMER DAYS.

The Surly Club was established near Billingsgate to keep up the genuine vernacular—the vulgar tongue. Coachmen, watchmen, carmen, and such like, met like gentlemen once a week, to exercise in the art and mystery of fine language, that they might not be at a loss to abuse those whom they drove, &c. If any of these members had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, who had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and was most likely expelled. By this society was erected the bumping post at Billingsgate, to harden the latter ends of the members once a year, in order that through a cowardly fear of being kicked, they should be thus used to it.

The Club of Ugly Faces.—This society consisted of those to whom Nature had been exceedingly unkind. The first member had a nose of immense magnitude; the second a chin like and as long as a shoe-horn; the third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both the sides are nearly squeezed together; a fourth, with eyes like a tumbler, and one bigger than the other; a fifth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if, like *Æolus*, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a sixth, with as many wens and warts as there are knots and prickles upon an old thorn-back; a seventh, with a pair of skinny jaws, that wrapped over in folds like the hide of a rhinoceros, and that with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man tyger; a ninth, with a hare lip that had drawn his mouth into several corners; the tenth, with a huge "Lauderdale" head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under St. Paul's Cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders, made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the Monument, &c. &c.: and such like who might resemble barbers' blocks in expression. These gentlemen seldom distinguished one another by their names, but generally saluted each other, when they drank round, after the following manner, viz. *Here, Nose, my service to you; Thank ye, Chin. Here's to you, Blubber-lip; Your servant, Mr. Squint. My love to you, neighbour Goggle; I am yours, neigh-*

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bour Allmouth. *Here's towards you, brother Thinjaws; I'll pledge you, brother Plump-cheeks.* None were admitted into this club who, by their general appearance, could not make a woman miscarry, or frighten children into fits. And it was proposed that every new member should, upon his inauguration, make a speech in favour of *Æsop*, whose portrait should hang over the chimney; and also, that they should purchase the heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, (who compared his body to the letter *Z*) and *Hudibras*, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room. We are here reminded of *Agessilaus*, the 2d king of *Lacedemon*, who was ill-formed and lame. He was always the first to jest upon these deformities, which is the usual way of other men of wit in like circumstances. By that means they escape the ridicule. "You deprive (says *Seneca*) both the ill-natured and the facetious of their jest, if you begin first yourself. Nobody ever gave room to another to laugh at him, who began of his own accord. *Vatinius* is said to be a man born both for laughter and hatred, but at the same time he was a pleasant fellow, and ready at a joke. He had always a great deal to say upon his feet and ugly face, by which means he avoided the banter of his enemies, who were more numerous than his diseases, and *Cicero* in particular."

The Split-farthing Club was an assemblage of rascals, who met to consult how they might improve their riches, by punishing their bellies, and pinching others by usury. One would applaud the frugality of the former, who never wore any other clothes than what was made of the wool that he picked off the hedges. Another would extol the prudence of the citizen, who kept a load of faggots in his house, to warm his servants in cold weather, by handing them up stairs and down between the garret and the cellar. Thus went their conversation. Their dresses seemed to be made in the days of *Robin Hood*, and their stockings almost darned as much as the good housewife's hose in the library at *Oxford*, which has not enough left of the first knitting to show its original texture. This society had such a starred appearance, that it was suspected there was not an ounce of fat among the whole.

THE ELM.

The astonishing power with which God has endued the vegetable cre-

ation to multiply its different species may be instanced in the seed of the elm. This tree produces one thousand five hundred and eighty-four millions of seeds, and each of these seeds has the power of producing the same number. How astonishing is the produce. At first, one seed is deposited in the earth; from this one, a tree springs, which, in the course of its vegetative life, produces one thousand five hundred and eighty-four millions of seeds. This is the first generation; the second generation will amount to two trillions five hundred and ten thousand and fifty-six billions. The third generation will amount to fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight quadrillions, seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand and forty trillions; and the fourth generation from these would amount to fifty-one sextillions, four hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-one quintillions, one hundred and twenty-three thousand one hundred and thirty-six quadrillions—sums too immense for the human mind to conceive; and when we allow the most confined space in which a tree can grow, it appears that the seeds of the third generation, from one elm, would be many myriads of times more than sufficient to stock the whole superficies of all the planets in the solar system.

GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

In the Porter's lodge of *Warwick Castle* are preserved that curious and astonishing relic of antiquity, the armour of *Guy, Earl of Warwick*. At present it consists of a breast-plate, weighing 50 pounds, a shield 30 pounds, a helmet of 7 pounds. These, with his sword of 20 pounds weight, make 107 pounds of iron, which, tradition says, this wonderful man carried in battle, besides his other accoutrements. In the same room is shown *Guy's "porridge pot"* (now used as the family punch-bowl), weighing 850 pounds, holding 126 gallons: as likewise his flesh fork, for taking the meat up. To account for the enormous size of the armour it is said that he was 8 feet 6 inches high, a height at the present time almost incredible, had we not seen the Irish giant *O'Brien*, who was above 8 feet. That such a person as *Guy of Warwick* lived, will not admit of a doubt; though at the same time it must be allowed, that the incredible stories related of him, are of the same exaggerated, metaphorical description, as those with which our legendary tales are filled. Speaking of

Warwick Castle, Sir William Dugdale says, "Here is to be seen a large two-handed sword and helmet, and certain plate armour for horse service; which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements some time belonging to the famous Guy; but I rather think they are of a much later date: yet I find that in the 1st of Henry VIII. the sword, having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Hoggston, one of the yeomen of the buttery, or his efficient deputy, with the fee of two-pence per diem for that service." This office was continued by Queen Elizabeth; the fee is set down in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, at 8 pounds per annum.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Among the relics in the Cathedral of Aix are the *soi disant* neck and arm bones of Charlemagne, his hunting horn, and a golden cross, which he is said to have worn, the girdle of the Virgin, a bit of cord that served to bind our Saviour, a fragment of Aaron's rod, and a morsel of the manna of the desert. The possession of these treasures, which are preserved in a costly case, and exposed periodically to the wondering multitude, formerly made Aix-la-Chapelle the favourite resort of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. An old chronicle relates, that in the year 1490, above one hundred and forty thousand visited the relics in one day; and that at the end of the ceremony, the donation box was found to contain eighty thousand florins.

ANECDOTE OF A SCOTS GREY AND A COLLIER.—During the engagement between the Scots Greys and the colliers at Crumlin, one of the Greys was in the act of striking a collier with his sabre: "Hold, Alexander," said the collier, and showing his medal, "don't you remember when I carried you wounded off the field of Waterloo?" The soldier immediately dropped his sabre, proud that he had, for the first time, an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the man to whom he owed his existence: the effect may be better conceived than described.

PROHIBITION.—There cannot be the smallest doubt, that owing to the late persecution of the publishers of certain theological books, their circulation has

been increased ten-fold; so short-sighted is bigotry and oppression. A Spanish author tells an instructive story of the effects of prohibition:—A little boy, learning the commandments, asked his mother what was meant by adultery, which they were forbidden to commit. To evade the question, she foolishly told him it was putting his finger into a boiling pot. Every pot he afterwards saw on the fire increased the temptation of trying the forbidden sin—and at last he was heard roaring about the house, "Oh! I've committed adultery—I've committed adultery!"

A short time since, an honest Hibernian was appointed guardian of the night in the environs of London, but was shortly brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with neglecting his duties. Pat being questioned as to the cause of absence from his station, gravely replied, "Passe your Honour, they set me to watch, and I watched and waited a long time, please your Honour, but nobody came, so I thought I'd go home to bed."

EPITAPH ON THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, SONO.
The grave, great Teacher, to a level brings

Heroes and beggars, galleys-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead—
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread.

The following beautiful Glee, translated by Moore from the Latin of ANGERIANUS, is a great favourite with his MAJESTY. The music is composed by Horsley.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

By Celia's arbour, all the night,
Hang, humid wreath! the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning's light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow,
Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

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